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SELF-INSTRUCTION

Editorial

Is there any teacher who loves his work and wishes to do it well who does not crave and need further schooling? It is the misfortune of those of us who teach in a University that professorial etiquette forbids us to enroll in the classes of our colleagues. What professor of Latin, for instance, would not like to improve his knowledge of Italian and Spanish by pursuing regular courses in those subjects, or, better still, sit at the knees of some neopsychologist and learn just why there is no disciplinary value in the study of the Classics, but endless profit in a course in stenography or psychometry. But neither our fellow professor nor his youthful students would feel comfortable with such a 'presence' in the class-room, however humble his spirit might be or however reassuringly he might fail in his lessons. And so we are driven to self-instruction and often have in consequence the worst of pupils.

Mere desultory reading is of small service. On the other hand, the preparation of new courses is inspiring and informing, a sure source of intellectual strength and growth. On narrower lines original research may add to our store of learning and save us from stagnation. Best of all is a sojourn in Classic lands; but Bellona is now denying us that for a lengthy period and the teachers' constantly adverse deity, In-Ops, makes it difficult even in the best of times.

Now theoretically the High School teacher has all of our opportunities for self-improvement and in addition a chance to take courses in some institution of higher learning without any transgression of propriety. But all too many live so remote from any College or Graduate School that they have to depend largely upon themselves for further education. Worse still, the limitations of the School curriculum confine their actual teaching to a minimum of authors, and, unless they make some special effort, their intellectual ambition is likely to wane and their daily teaching thus become a monotonous repetition, deadening to the pupil and deadly to the cause of the Classics in their community.

As one who believes that a correct attitude is almost as important to a teacher as knowledge and pedagogical skill, may I suggest a system of self-instruction, if so I may venture to call it, that has been quickening to me and of some service to my teaching, one which perhaps few teachers have ever thoroughly tried?

There is much critical talk about the literary teaching

of the Classics. Ignorant outsiders wonder that pupils are not filled at once with enthusiasm for the beauties of Greek and Latin masterpieces. Their censures are discouraging to the conscientious teacher whose task it is by elementary instruction and daily drill to lay the foundations that alone make possible the later more aesthetic study of an ancient text. Nor is it surprising if his own interest even in the Aeneid as a piece of literature is sometimes seriously impaired. How can one whose daily job concerns the basement masonry still steadily retain a vision of the higher beauties of the completed structure? In other words how can we in the face of all our irksome pedagogical difficulties still preserve the right attitude towards the subjects that we teach, for the sake of our more advanced students as well as of ourselves, and love Greek and Latin first and foremost not for their practical benefits, but as great literatures? That is the problem, and my suggestion to anybody interested would be as follows.

Among the authors that you are teaching choose the most important or your favorite. Then have some edition of his works that is complete and of first rank, preferably one that is printed on pages of ample size, doubly interleaved with paper that is thin but opaque and tough. Reserving the pages opposite the text and foot-notes for passages which are brief and which specifically concern the individual lines, use the inside ones for longer and more general excerpts and annotations. Day by day inscribe in this book or set of books (Conington's Vergil, for instance, will make, when rebound, six handy volumes) in a fine and careful hand every aesthetic comment that occurs to you, every literary criticism of value that you find in your study of other editions, all the parallels which you chance upon in your reading in other literatures, both ancient and modern, and, finally, the best poetical translations, not excluding perhaps humbler efforts of your own. Blank leaves may be added at the end of the volume to provide for any overflow, for appendices and the like.

Many of your own contributions may come to you under the inspiration of the class-room, in the mental excitement which accompanies all good teaching. These you can jot in pencil on a scrap of paper, if need be, and then insert later in their proper place with the proper calligraphy and care.

Mastering your author's thoughts and language as rapidly as you can by frequent reading and by intensive

study from other non-literary points of view, you may then read widely with the express purpose of securing parallels and illustrations of every sort. Such a hunt has some of the fascination of philatelic, numismatic, and other collecting. Increasing powers of analysis heighten a searcher's enjoyment of the modern prose or poetry, and the mere drawing of contrasts and observation of likenesses fix the subject-matter of both the ancient and the modern writings indelibly in the memory. The process will make any reader keener to discover the devices by which artists in different languages achieve their results whether of beauty or of power, and can reasonably be expected to better his own sense of form and his ability to express himself well.

Moreover, if the production of a doctoral thesis or a hyper-Teutonic training has overinclined a classicist to compilatory activities, his gatherings of the sort which I propose will at least be of some aesthetic interest and mayhap as important to others as the collection of philological minutiae. It will, of course, depend upon the collector's own sense of fitness and upon his pedagogical sagacity to what extent he will utilize his discoveries and appreciations in the actual work of the class-room. Our concern here is only with the general problem of self-improvement and with the possibility of cultivating a life-long devotion to the more literary side of Classical study.

Catullus happens to be the poet whom I first chose for this sort of treatment and in something over twenty years my interleaved edition has become one of the most treasured volumes in my library, a memorial of love, I might term it, a record of far-extending, profitable, and delightful reading. And it is only fair to state that during these years no American edition of any Classical author ever afforded me such encouragement as did Professor Shorey's Horace. Like so much that he has done since its publication, it gave a new turn to the teaching of many by a timely emphasis upon what had hitherto been somewhat neglected.

Now, what should go into one's own private copy of a favorite author? In my Catullus numberless parallels have, of course, found their place, Greek and Latin in many cases, but more from modern languages, and chiefly, of course, from English. There I can read Sappho's passionate verses which have lost some of their Hellenism but by no means all their glory in Catullus's fifty-first poem, and along with them echoes, imitations, and perhaps chance coincidences from a long list of writers, Racine, Goethe, Schulze, Waller, Gay, Stirling, Herrick, Shelley, Tennyson, etc. But I have never been so much interested in gathering Catulliana from such a writer, for example, as Robert Herrick, who seems, metaphorically speaking, to have unfrocked himself in his eagerness to be a first-class heathen poet (I once read all his poems in succession and without paying the penalty that Catullus did for wishing to be a Sestianus conviva), as in catching the apparently fortuitous parallels in writers who were not such devotees of Catullus as the English clergyman was.

Thus you accept as a matter of certainty various similarities in compositions by Herrick and Landor as conscious imitations of Catullus's fourth poem, on the *phasellus*, but, when you read Walt Whitman's *The Dismantled Ship*, you cannot be sure that he knew anything about the pinnacle that *recondita senet quiete* in an Italian lagoon, or, as an examination of the Mincio once convinced me, in Garda's *limpidus lacus* (can we ask for higher authority on the identity of the waters than Carducci's dictum: *qui Valerio Catullo legato giú a' nitidi sassi il fasèlo bitinico?*). In a clause of the same poem, *ubi iste post phasellus antea fuit comata silva*, the adjective *comata* can never have been patented by any poet in the world since the first. Bryant surely needed no model for his verse, "The summer tresses of the trees are gone", nor Longfellow in the *Building of the Ship* for his reference to "lordly pines to be shorn of their streaming hair". On the other hand, the idea of the clause as a whole does not seem to me one that would have an easy birth from a poet's fancy, and so, in reading Louise Chandler Moulton's piece entitled *The Strength of the Hills*, one might be in doubt about the originality of her line "when the old brown house was itself a tree", but not after reading the following from the same poem:

But calm in the distance the great hills rose
Deaf unto rapture and dumb unto pain,
Since they knew that Joy is the mother of Grief,
And remembered a butterfly's life is brief,
And the sun sets only to rise again.

There the end surely convicts her of being a lover of Catullus.

You will recognize beforehand that certain compositions of your ancient author will require extra leaves to contain all the annotations. These can be put in by pasting, if thin paper is used, but it is wise to test first its degree of opacity and to see that it takes ink well. In Catullus the Sparrow Songs are a case in point, for they have not only inspired excellent translators to essay the impossible—is not the first one the most untranslatable poem in the language?—but they have called forth allusions and imitations beyond number.

Hardly less popular have been the *basia* lyrics. In his *Vivamus, mea Lesbia, atque amemus*, Catullus strikes a note which pagan Christians have sounded again and again through the ages. One wearies in the copying.

Naturally we find fewer parallels for the poems written when curses were commoner than kisses, the days that inspired him to the ninety-second poem, which Bussy de Rabutin had in mind when he composed his

Phillis dit le diable de moi:
De son amour et de sa foi
C'est une preuve assez nouvelle;
Ce qui me fait croire pourtant
Qu' elle an' aime effectivement,
C'est que je dis le diable d' elle,
Et que je l' aime éperdument.

But we must not expect to find our happiest parallels for a poetic utterance necessarily in verse. Let me illustrate with Catullus's eighty-fifth poem, which has

always seemed to me to give the key note to his whole career. *Odi et amo* he cries with a commingling of emotions of which Syrus denies even the possibility to the other sex in the sententia, *Aut armat aut odit mulier, nil est tertium*. Now, while Moore and Landor, for example, imitate our distich well enough and Arthur Symons develops the same idea with his characteristic passion in at least three poems, Love's Hatred, Mundi Victima, and Divisions on a Ground, it is in various prose writers that I find my best illustrations of the poet's peculiar psychology. Let Flaubert speak first in a passage from *Salammô*, a novel of frightfulness that every student of the Punic Wars is bound to read, even as he may well visit the Moving Picture show *Cabiria* for the same reason (*Mâtho* is speaking of *Salammô*):

Mais je la veux! Il me la faut! J'en meurs! A l'idée de l'étreindre dans mes bras une fureur de joie m'emporte et cependant je la hais, Spondius! Je voudrais la battre! Que faire? J'ai envie de me vendre pour devenir son esclave.

An even more famous story of ancient life, *The Last Days of Pompeii*, discusses the narrow line between hate and love (Chapter VIII). Charles Reade, in *Griffith Gaunt*, doubles the situation:

Her wretched master now loved his wife to distraction, yet hated her to the death; and Ryder loved her master passionately, yet hated him intensely, by fits and starts.

More interesting is the conclusion of Hawthorne's *The Scarlet Letter*:

It is a curious subject of observation and inquiry whether hatred and love be not the same thing at bottom. Each in its utmost development supposes a high degree of intimacy and heart-knowledge; each renders one individual dependent for the food of his affections and spiritual life upon another; each leaves the passionate lover, or the no less passionate hater, forlorn and desolate by the withdrawal of his subject. Philosophically considered, therefore, the two passions seem essentially the same, except that one happens to be seen in a celestial radiance and the other in a dusky and lurid glow.

And, if we must be at least pseudo-scientific, let us hear Lombroso and Ferrero in their work on *The Female Offender* (160):

Indeed hatred and love being only two forms of their insatiable egotism, their love shows a morbid tendency to polarise itself (so to say) into violent hatred at the first act of infidelity, the first offence, or even at the birth of a new passion.

Speaking generally, I should not exclude pieces that narrate experiences or voice emotions which duplicate those of the Greek or the Roman without his having actually written about them in similar language. For instance, note that Oliver Wendell Holmes has given an exhortation that Catullus might seem to have heeded exactly:

Give all to love,
Obey thy heart;
Friends, kindred, days,
Es' ate, good fame,
Plans, credit and the Muse,
Nothing refuse.

And when the bard made his trip to Bithynia, putting the Mediterranean between him and his torment, is it not Arthur Symons who in his poem, *On Ending*, speaks most clearly his resolution?

I will go my ways from the city, and then, maybe,
My heart shall forget one woman's voice and her lips;
I will arise and set my face to the sea,
Among stranger-folk and in the wandering ships.
The world is great, and the bounds of it who shall set?
It may be I shall find, somewhere in the world I shall find,
A land that my feet may abide in; then I shall forget
The woman I loved, and the years that are left behind.
But if the ends of the world are not wide enough
To outweary my heart and to find for my heart some fold,
I will go back to the city, and her I love,
And look on her face, and remember the days of old.

Nobody could describe more tersely the very sacrifice that Catullus made than the same poet in his lines:

For I have lost, in losing you,
Not you alone, but my own youth,
My hope in fame, my faith in truth,
And all I was to be and do,
And life itself, in losing you!

Especially desirable are judgments passed by other poets upon Catullus's character. Some are obvious, like that of Voltaire in his poem, *Sur Ovide*, Catulle et Tibulle, others delight the fancy, like the lines of Landor:

Tell me not what too well I know
About the bard of Sirmio
Yes, in Thalia's son
Such stains there are as when a Grace
Sprinkles another's laughing face
With nectar and runs on.

Still others that were composed to fit some other personality suit Catullus too perfectly for us to pass them by, as, for instance, Swinburne's eulogy of Burns:

But never, since bright earth was born
In rapture of the enkindling morn,
Might godlike wrath and sunlight scorn
That was and is
And shall be while false weeds are worn
Find word like his.

And sweeter far in grief or mirth,
Have songs as glad and sad of birth
Found voice to speak of wealth and dearth
In joy of life.
But never song took fire from earth
More strong for strife.

Perhaps I have set forth sufficiently now, in at least its larger aspects, some of the work of affection that one can do on such a poet as Catullus. Many smaller matters would also figure in your pages, such as felicitous examples from other authors of the rhetorical devices which your writer employs, references to works of art that illustrate his word-pictures, imitations of his meters by modern poets, etc. This is all light labor, but it should tempt any real lover of learning to literary investigations of a more serious character. To revert for instance to Catullus, when you find that he is often mentioned in the epistles of Guarinus of Verona and that the earlier Italian editors did much of permanent

value for the text which was long unappreciated, you will want to know more about the Renaissance and the paramount position of the Classics in those golden days. The perfection of his lyrics and the power of his epigram should inspire one to a special study of these branches of literature. The history of epigram has long engaged me and I have found so much profit and entertainment in working out its technique that I can commend such research to others.

'Well', my reader may say, 'all this may be delightful and adequately rewarding in the case of a poet, but how about a writer of prose?' Here, naturally, the teacher's studies and annotations would be somewhat different, but surely not much less interesting. Even somewhat arid paragraphs of Caesar could be made more alive to a class by reading parallels from the military literature of the present War, such as *THE CLASSICAL WEEKLY* has proffered repeatedly. And that the searcher for a prose author may find just as valuable prizes as he who is collecting for the illustration of poems, I can perhaps indicate by associating with Lincoln's immortal utterance about fooling the people (if indeed it is his) this striking approximation from Pliny's *Panegyric* 62: *melius omnibus quam singulis creditur. Singuli enim decipere et decipi possunt: nemo omnes, neminem omnes fefellerunt*. To be sure, Old Abe achieved a better epigram, but finding that Latin gave me as much satisfaction as the discovery of any of the poems which I have connected above with the compositions of Catullus.

Finally, may I suggest that Latin Clubs and study-groups that may be at a loss to know just what to undertake might pursue selected reading in various modern literatures in association with the study of a Latin or a Greek author and pool their findings for the pleasure and profit of all at their periodic meetings?

WALTON BROOKS McDANIEL.

REVIEW

Socrates: The Man and His Mission. By R. Nicol Cross. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company (1916). Pages x+344. \$1.00.

In the Preface, the author states that the present work was undertaken as the result of a profound personal reverence for the saint and sage of Athens; that it records the impression made on him by the ancient authorities; that it was written to allure the average cultured reader to hold company for a little with one of the most elect spirits and leaders of all time. Accordingly, material contemporary with Socrates has been admitted into the book in order to give the necessary background of light and shade for the appreciation of his character and work.

The book begins with a brief Introduction. This is followed by a chapter on the boyhood and education of Socrates, one on his manhood, one each on his domestic life and his public life, four chapters on his teaching, and one chapter on his religion; the final chapters deal

with the *Clouds* of Aristophanes, the causes of the trial of Socrates, the trial itself, the last scenes, and a tribute to Socrates. An Index sums up the volume.

As sources for our knowledge of Socrates, the author mentions oral tradition, the writings of Xenophon, Plato, Aristotle, and the *Clouds* of Aristophanes; he reminds the reader that he must fall back largely on his own judgment in using the extant material. The author's statement that Diogenes Laertius and the other later authorities "must be used only on insignificant points" should, we think, be altered to 'should be used sparingly on any point where corroboration is lacking'.

A few vivid paragraphs set before us the Athens of Pericles, a contemporary home, such as that of Sophroniscus, the appointments, the worship and the work of that home, the early education in which Socrates would be taught expression, music and gymnastic, and the more advanced education, including rhetoric, ethics, and science. Just how Socrates obtained the learning he seemed to have in these advanced subjects does not appear, since he was early apprenticed to his father to master the sculptor's trade. Socrates passed through the soul-refining process of meditation on the great problems, being and becoming, and of man, his power to move and think and create. He received, in these years, the baptism of fire which the gods confer upon worthy mortals. Thales, and the rest, had wrestled with the problem of be-all and world-all. Fundamental substance, the nature of ultimate reality, occupied the minds of many of the sages. That water, air, fire, earth, any of them by itself, or all combined, with love and hate thrown in, could account for the world was doubtless folly to Socrates. The author here (page 30) speaks most tersely: "Atoms and motion account for atoms and motion and nothing else!"

The principles emanating from this stressful period of Socrates's experience were: (1) the knowledge of our own ignorance; (2) the conviction that the quest for true knowledge must be pursued through knowledge of oneself. Hence it is that Socrates was no mere individual but was a movement personified. He was to philosophy what Isaiah was to the Hebrew religion; what, afterwards, Michaelangelo was to art; what Milton was to literature.

As a man, Socrates was ugly in appearance, but his uncouth features, protruding eyes and snub nose must have ceased to excite mirth, or even to have been noticed at all to his disadvantage when once Socrates engaged an individual or a group of men in conversation. The light of his soul must have gleamed the more brightly in his glaring eyes, and his rough features all must have been instinct with the life within. For Socrates's life was a mission, not a trade. He saw no real nobility in wealth or birth. He lived a simple life. He was not too clean, wore mean clothes, was abstemious, but not ascetic; through reason he rose above the sphere of sense and appetite to the sphere of untrammelled thought and reflection.